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A most successful remedy has been found for sexual weakness, such as impotency, varicocele, shrunken organs, nervous debility, lost manhood, night emissions, premature discharge and all other results of self-abuse or excesses. It cures any case of the difficulty, never fails to restore the organs to full natural strength and vigor. The Doctor who made this wonderful discovery wants to let every man know about it. He will therefore send the receipt giving the various ingredients to be used so that all men at a trifling expense can cure themselves. He sends the receipt free, and all the reader need do is to send his name and address to L. W. Knapp, M. D., 1710, Hill Bldg., Detroit, Mich., requesting the free receipt as reported in this paper. It is a generous offer and all men ought to be glad to have such an opportunity.

John McConnell

GOLDEN STAR
SATURDAY,
JUNE 30, 1900.

From 7 o'clock Saturday morning till 11:30 in the evening. Special sale at McConnell's.

Prunes, 5c. per lb.
Good Ginger Snaps, 5c. per lb.
Strawberry Crisps, 3 lbs. for 25c.
Lemon Biscuits, 3 lbs. for 25c.
5-lb. pails Jam, for 33c.
Corn Starch, 6c. per package.
Pickles, 10c. per bottle.
Baking Powder, 1-lb. cans, 12c. each.
Evaporated Peaches, 10c. per lb.
Try our Blend Tea, it is great value at 25c. per lb.

We have a large quantity of Crockery, China and Glassware. If you want an agreeable surprise, just ask the price we are selling these goods at during the day. You will never regret the money you left with us.

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BEST QUALITY
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High size **5C** Bread

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Sterling & Kovinsky

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Rags, Rubber, Iron
and Metal

HIGHEST CASH PRICES PAID.
MAGNOLIA HOUSE.
Chatham Ontario

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Beresford Cigar
10c

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Parisian Steam Laundry Co.
TELEPHONE 20

LOVE'S TRIUMPH.

A STORY OF LOVE AND WAR.

BY MARY J. HOLMES,

Author of "Lena Rivers," "Edna Browning,"
"Tempest and Sunshine," Etc., Etc.

"Certainly you are," Rose replied, "but I'm not sure Annie will let you call her sister, because you're—you're well, you see Annie is real good, and, as I told you, prays, just as hard for Southern soldiers as for ours, that is, prays that they may be Christians, and that their sick and wounded may be kindly cared for, but of course she wants us to beat, and knows we shall, but I guess she does not think of you just as she does of Tom, though she never saw either. She would not go up to the depot to meet you, and I wanted her to so much. She said, too, that to hang out our banner on a rebel's account, and she acts so funny generally about your coming home that I hope you'll do your best to be agreeable, and make her like you. Will you, Jimmie?" and Rose looked up at her brother in such a comical, serious way, that he laughed aloud, promising to do his best to remove all prejudice from Miss Graham's mind, and asking who she was and where she came from.

"I'm sure I don't know where she came from," Rose replied, a little uncertain how to grapple with the Carlton pride, which existed in Jimmie as well as the rest of them. "She's a lady, as any one can see, and possessed of as much refinement as we often find in Boston. She can't help it, Jimmie, if she is poor. It don't hurt her one bit, and I'm getting over those foolish notions cherished by our set at home. Will says she came of a good family, and might have married a millionaire, but she did enough to be her father, but she wouldn't. She preferred a mechanic, George Graham, the most splendid-looking man you ever saw. He's dead, now, poor fellow. Will took care of him, and brought him home; that's why Annie lives with me."

Rose's explanations were not the plainest that could have been given, but Jimmie extracted from the medley of facts a very prominent one. It was not a Miss but a Mrs. to whom he was to be agreeable. It had not seemed a very unpleasant duty to change a beautiful young girl's opinion of himself, but a Mrs. was a very different affair, and for the first time since his arrival his old, merry, half-sarcastic laugh rang through the room, as with a mocking whistle he said:

"A widow, hey! How many children does she boast?"

"Not a single bit of a one," Rose answered, feeling that Jimmie had said something very bad of Annie.

He saw it in her countenance, and hastened to make amends by asking numberless questions about Annie's first acquaintance with her up to the present hour he managed at last to get the result being that he was not so much interested in the Widow Graham as he had been in the Miss Annie. He might have been in the Miss Annie, easily disinterested. Rose gave him up as incorrigible, and mentally hoping Tom would not prove as refractory as Jimmie had done, she turned the conversation upon Will, whose goodness she extolled until the supper-bell rang, and Jimmie arose to leave her for a time, as he was not prepared to go down that night and do the honors of the table.

The gas was lighted in the dining-room, and the heavy darkness, curtains were dropped before the long French windows. A cheerful coal fire was blazing on the marble hearth, while the table, with its snowy linen, its china, silver and cut glass, presented a most inviting appearance. Jimmie had had through all the long years of his voluntary exile from the parental roof.

"This is nice," he said, with a pleasant feeling of satisfaction not unmingled with a certain degree of self-complacency, which whispered that after what had passed he was hardly worthy to be the recipient of so much luxury.

Thoughts like these were about shaping themselves into words, when he caught sight of a figure he had not before observed, and became aware that he was not alone with his mother, as he at first supposed. It was a delicate little figure, not as petite as his sister's but quite as graceful, with its sloping shoulders and rounded waist almost too small to suit the theorems of a Water Cure, and looking vastly well to Jimmie, whose first thought was that he could span it with his hands. Around the well-shaped head the heavy bands of pale brown hair were coiled, forming a large square knot which falling low upon the neck, gave to the figure a more girlish appearance than Jimmie had expected to find in his sister's protégée, the Widow Graham. He knew it was Annie, by the mourning dress, the disheveled hair, the slender throat, and for an instant he wished she was not there, as he preferred being alone with his mother. But one glance at the sweet face turned toward him as Mrs. Carleton repeated his name, dispelled all such desires, and with a strange sensation, which he attributed to pleasant disappointment, he took the soft, white hand which Annie extended toward him. It was a very small, a very pretty hand, and trembled perceptibly as it lay in Jimmie's broader, warmer one, while on the pale cheek there was a deep, rich bloom, which Mrs. Carleton herself had never observed before.

"I have heard of Mrs. Graham from my sister," Jimmie said, leaning to meet her with his usual gallantry, while Annie tried to stammer out some reply, making a miserable failure, and leaving on Jimmie's mind the impression that she

was prejudiced against him, and would not welcome him home. A dozen times in the course of the supper, Jimmie assured himself that he did not care what was the opinion held of him by such as Annie Graham, while he as often changed his mind and knew that he did care, wondering what it was about her face which puzzled him so much. She looked a little like Tom's wife, Mary, he thought, that is, as Mary had looked just before her departure for Charleston, when she bade him good-bye, whispering to him timidly of a world where she hoped to meet again the friends she loved so well. And as whenever he thought of Mary, he would have given some thing to have known, but he was far from suspecting the truth or guessing what Annie felt, as she saw upon his face the lines of disipation, and thought of the debasing scenes through which he must have passed since the days of his long exile, when, with the little Pequot of New London, he sat upon the rocks and watched the tide come in, telling her how, on the morrow night, his own fanciful little boat, named for her, should bear them across the placid waters of the bay to where the green light, the Pequot's reply had been that the morrow was the Sabbath, and not even the pleasure of a sail with him could tempt her to steal God's time and appropriate it to such a purpose. He had called her a little Puritan then, asking where she learned so strict a creed, and adding, "but I half believe you're right, and if I'd known you sooner I should have been a better boy"; then, kissing her blushing cheek, he had led her from the rocks over which the waves were breaking now, and that was the last the Pequot ever saw of him. There was no sail upon the bay, no more watching for the ebb and flow of the evening tide, no waits on the long piers, or strolls upon the handsome, saucy-eyed boy was gone to his home in Boston, leaving no message or word of explanation for the little Pequot, whose step was head-er for a few days, and whose head-er she felt, as the harsh aunt said it was, when she refused to join the revellers in the parlor, and dance with the gray-haired man, four times her age, who sought her for his part-

ner. They had not met since then till now, and Annie struggled hard to keep back the tears as she remembered all that had come to her since that winter at New London—remembered the childish fancy which died out so fast, and the later love which crowned her early girlhood, finding its full fruition at the marriage altar and twining itself so closely around the heart of her that when it was torn away, it left there were and bleeding with pain at every pore. Surely, with this sad experience, Annie, young and beautiful though she was, could feel for Jimmie Carleton, naught save the bitterness she would have felt for any stranger who came to her as the brother of her patroness. And still she was conscious of a deeper interest in him than if he had been a perfect stranger, and his presence awoke within her an unconquerable feeling, making her wish more and more that she were away where she would not be obliged to come in daily contact with him. Under these circumstances, it is not strange the conversation flagged, until for Rose's sake Annie felt compelled to make an effort. Suddenly remembering Isaac Simms, she asked if anything was every heard at Washington of the Richmond prisoners.

"Yes," Jimmie replied, and eager to show his own willingness to talk of the war and the Federal army, he told how

only the day before he left for Rockland, news had come from Tom, saying he was as well as could be expected, considering his fate, but the boy captured with him would surely die if not soon restored to purer air and better care than those tobacco prisons afforded.

"Oh, it will kill Mrs. Simms if they should bring him back to her dead," and the hot tears gushed from Annie's eyes as she heard in fancy the muffled drum beating its funeral marches to the grave of another Rockland volunteer. The tears once started could not be repressed, and Mrs. Carleton and Jimmie finished their supper alone, for Annie excused herself, and hastening to her room, poured out her grief in tears and prayers for the poor sick boy, mingling in his dreary prison, while musing that to her had been given the comfort of knowing that the death pillow of her darling was smoothed with friendly hands, and that no harsh, discordant sounds of prison riot or discipline had disturbed his peaceful dying.

Meaning Jimmie had returned to his sister, whose first question was of Annie. "What did he think of her? Wasn't she sweet, and hadn't she the prettiest blue eyes he ever saw?" "I hardly saw them, for she is evidently coy of her glances at a rebel," Jimmie answered, half playfully, half bitterly, for Annie's manner of quiet reserve had piqued him more than he cared to confess.

"She's bashful," Rose replied, "and then, Jimmie, you can't expect her to forgive you as readily as your own sister, for you know she never saw you till to-night, and she's a patriot; but say, did you ever see so sweet a face, one that makes you think so much of an angel?"

"Rather too pale to suit my taste. I like a bit more color better," and Jimmie pinched Rose's cheeks until she screamed for him to stop.

"It's all going wrong, I know," Rose began poutingly. "You don't like Annie a bit, and she's so good, too. You can't begin to guess how good. And there's nothing blue about her, either. Why she's a heap more cheerful than I could be if I were dead, as George said. I'd die, too; I know I should; but Annie's a real Christian, and that does make a difference. It seems to be all through her, and she lives it every minute. I honestly believe I'm better than before she came. She has actually persuaded me not to get up big dinners on Sunday, as I used to do, but to let all the servants go to church, and every night she goes for half an hour into the kitchen, and teaches old black Phillis how to read the Bible. She's so truthful, too. Why, she said she presumed that little Pequot girl would not have liked you any way after she heard that Dick Lee was not your name."

"The Pequot girl? How came Mrs. Graham to hear of her?" Jimmie asked, his face flushing crimson.

"Oh, I happened to ask mother something about her one day; right before Annie, and so, of course, explained a little. It would not have been polite if I hadn't," Rose replied, and as she saw her brother's scar chagrin, "you need not mind one bit, for Annie never tells anything."

It was not the fear she would tell which affected Jimmie unpleasantly; it was the feeling that he would rather Annie Graham should not know of all his delinquencies, and so disguise him accordingly. How unfortunate it was that she was there, and yet he would not have sent her away if he could, though he did wish she were not so well posted with regard to his past both past and present. What made Rose tell her of the Pequot, and why had the Pequot haunted him ever since he came into the house? Something had brought her to his mind, and as the servant just then came in bringing her mistress's supper, he left his seat by the window, and went to the window looking out upon the starry sky, wondering within himself where she was now, the little girl who had sat with him upon the rocks, and told him it was wicked to break God's fourth command. The scene which Annie saw at the supper table was present with him now, remembered for the first time, since the battle at Bull Run. Then, as he lay waiting for the foe, he had in fancy heard again a sweet, girlish voice, bidding him keep holy the Sabbath day, and the tear which dropped upon his gun was prompted by the thought of all he had passed through since the happy school-boy days when the Pequot preached to him her gentle sermons.

In the hall there was a rapid foot-step, and Rose called out:

"Annie, Annie, come here. Why, where are you going to-night?" she continued in much surprise, as Annie looked in, hooded and shawled as for some expedition.

"Going to see Mrs. Simms. It is not far, you know," was Annie's answer, and the door closed after her in time to prevent her hearing Rose's reply.

"It's dark as pitch, and slippery, too, Jimmie, do please see her to the gate, but don't go in, for the widow is awful against rebels!"

The next moment Jimmie was half way down the stairs, calling to Annie, who held the door-knob in her hand: "Mrs. Graham, allow me to be your escort,—Rose is not willing you should go out alone."

"Thank you, I am not at all afraid, and prefer going alone, as Mrs. Simms might not care to meet a stranger," Annie replied, with an air of so much quiet dignity, that Jimmie knew there was no alternative for him save to return to his sister's chamber, which he did, feeling far more crestfallen than he had supposed it possible for him to feel, just because a widow had refused his escort.

It was wholly owing to the taint of rebellion clinging to him, he knew, for he was not accustomed to having his attentions thus slighted by the ladies to whom they were offered, and all unconsciously the manner of reserve which Annie assumed toward him was punishing him for his sin quite as much as anything which had yet occurred, making him feel keenly that by his traitorous act he had, for a time at least, built a gulf between himself and those whose good opinion was worth the having.

To be Continued.

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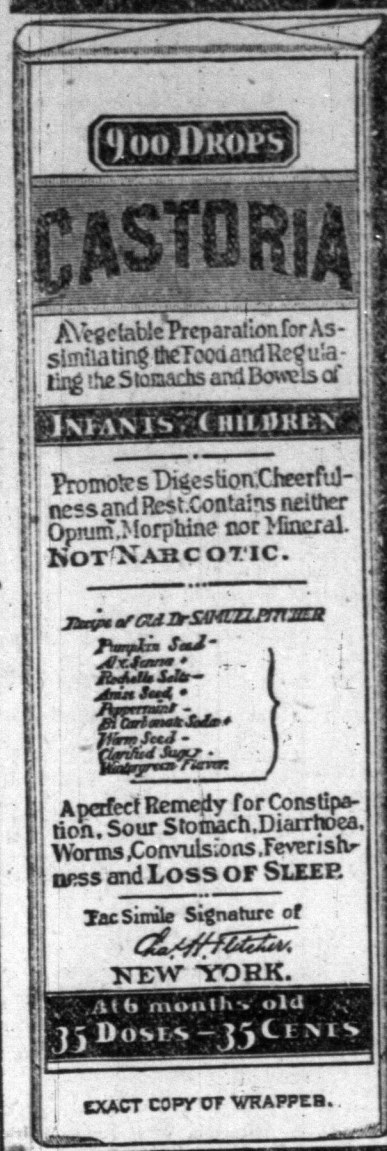
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